when did it stop when do you get up and the wind hits your skin and within your drunken haze you lose it as the sun comes up. you lose it you lose it you lost it. lost in the pocket of whatever I want. Stealing and filling my pockets with mint gum. Stealing an energy drink. Stealing the sunlight. I'm not supposed to be here. Buried alive burning my lungs burning my pride and my spirit as fuel to keep going. keep going as its coming and going. keep being and pleading for escape. So many fucking years. I'm starving for what I'm not familiar with. What will connect me to humanity? Fiction becomes the only truth. The sun goes down on what was or is or could be.

I'm a demon falling out of hell. I feel tainted and dirty with mud on my knees and arms. cuts and scrapes from the limbs of the hedge. take me instead.

Sweep it up with your hands.

the evidence

find a grave. what's your final resting place? resting my eyes for a bit praying that this is the last time i do so. everything i've made is a plea.

the rising action and the falling action and the epilogue. i am an epilogue. i'm a few kind words at the ceremony. dirty skateboard

doing rituals in a tomb
compile a book its a tome
recite my stories till they're known
in the garden with a gnome
]
spend a day mourning
waking up the next day and I'm mourning
rain falling and the sky is mourning